

## A TROUT IN CAPTIVITY.

His Conquest of the Aquarian World. Why the Black Bass Decided to Live in the Perch-Grass-Blind for Flies—A Victim of Unrestrained Appetite.

New York Post: On arriving home, we placed him in the aquarium, where he rushed aimlessly about for a time, but finally discovering the shelf of stones that had been built for the rock bass to hide under, he routed these sturdy fighters out after a brief battle, and took possession not only of the space beneath it, but of the entire end of the tank adjoining this retreat. The rock bass returned to the attack a number of times thereafter, but never succeeded in regaining their old nest, being compelled to content themselves in the perch-grass in the opposite corner.

The children, who had witnessed this ruse of the open-mouthed, then and there unanimously agreed upon a name for the newcomer, calling him "Mr. Boss." The right to this title he maintained as long as he remained within its meeting no other fish than those that seemed to enjoy tussling with him. He still remained shy, retiring to the shadow of his shelf when any one approached too near to the tenderness of his nest, but he was not so reticent as to the contrary, notwithstanding, trout to the children were the first to become acquainted with him. Early in the morning on the day after he established his claim to premier position among his companions, he was seen to rise from the kitchen in his night-dress, and catching a fly, mounted a chair and dropped the insect through the bars of the grating that covered the top of the aquarium. He then beckoned to the several trout, where we watched developments through the crack of the door.

Mr. Boss soon edged his head out from under the shelf, and attracted by the ripple the fly made on the surface, rolled his eyes up, and made no further demonstration for some time. Suddenly there came a flurry in the gravel, and a flash of color; a broad, red tail swept through the air under the grating, threw a curl or more of water half-way across the room. A writhing, lightning-like something swam around the center pipe in a graceful curve and darted for the shelter of the stones. There was Mr. Boss in his abode again, no trace of his tiger-like spring remaining save dimpling eddies and miniature whirlpools near the outflow pipe where the fly had been. Many other flies went the way of the first, after which he started on his breakfast-time our new pet had come to associate the white night-dress with toothsome insects, and rolled his eyes towards the surface every time one of the children came near.

When his shyness wore away, Mr. Boss settled upon a system of living that, as far as the limited space of his new home allowed, corresponded to the habits of his kind in a wild state, as I have observed them on many trout streams. He came out of his shelter about half an hour before daylight, and after running about the aquarium for several turns, after which he started on his breakfast-time our new pet had come to associate the white night-dress with toothsome insects, and rolled his eyes towards the surface every time one of the children came near.

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pet necessary, we transferred Salmo Fontinalis to another aquarium, where he was guaranteed a plentiful supply of fresh water. But, sad to relate, his new host kept in the tank a supply of pickled herring, consisting of river shiners about the inches in length. Our trout essayed the task of eating as many of these species as he had of their smaller congeners in our aquarium. He succeeded very well for a time, but his host, who was found dead in the bottom of his new home one morning, stuffed to his utmost capacity, with the last of his last victim extending from his mouth. So he died, as truly a victim of gluttony as ever sacrificed his life in an endeavor to satisfy the demands of an over-indulged appetite.

## INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

February 23, 1900; Luke iv, 18-30.

## JESUS REJECTED AT NAZARETH.

That synagogue in Nazareth was a plain, small, rectangular structure, its only effort at embellishment being in the form of a Greek portico with the conventional Hebrew twisted foliage for ornament. Here stand the two stone boxes—that on the right for the poor of the congregation, that on the left for the pilgrim Jew. The interior view, with the exterior in plainness. "Plain as a pipestem" certainly applies here. Common wooden benches seat the congregation. In a recess in the rear wall is a chest exactly proportioned after the ark of the covenant, only not overlaid with gold and studded with precious stones. It faces towards Jerusalem and contains the scrolls of the law and the prophets. In front of the readers' desk, and in front of it the elevated stalls, the "chief seats" for which there was often an unseemly scramble.

The congregation gathers. The angel, or president of the synagogue, is in his place, with veiled face. The rulers mount to the chief seats. They are on dress parade, with their blue ribbons and white phylacteries. Strange sight this, an audience of men. Where are the women? Talk about separate seating. The women not only sit apart, but entirely out of view. In a gallery behind the lattice sit the matrons and maids of Israel. . . . Service begins. The minister steps into the pulpit. The audience rises. They burst out in a recitation of the Shema. (Deut. vi, 4, etc.) The minister, with veiled face and hands spread toward heaven, chants a prayer. He opens the ark, takes out the roll of the law, finds the passage appointed to be read, calls a layman from the congregation and has him read it. The scroll of the law is then returned and that of the prophet brought out. It was just at this juncture, in Nazareth, that the minister, glancing over the audience and noticing the benignant countenance of a stranger, calls him to the pulpit and puts the roll of the prophet Isaiah in his hands. Jesus found the place where it is written: "The spirit of the Lord is upon Me." . . . That audience could not have been ignorant who was occupying their pulpit that morning.

The fame of Jesus had reached the city where he had been brought up. His baptism by John Baptist, His cleansing of the temple—news of these matters must have been brought by returning pilgrims. They had certainly heard of the miracles in Capernaum, if not at Cana, too. . . . Jesus did His best to propitiate His audience. He might have selected a paragraph setting forth his regal character. But, instead, He chose one which pictured Him as a lowly messenger of helpfulness, and He carefully stopped short of the sentence which declared His judicial office. He had purposely delayed His coming in order that the fame of what He did and said in other places might reach Nazareth and overcome, if possible, the contempt which was bred by familiarity. . . . He almost succeeded. There was a sweet persuasiveness in voice and manner. There was a veritable impersonation of humility—a self-obliviousness that was captivating to the last degree. The fate of Nazareth trembled in the balance. In audible terms, as well as by look and gesture, according to the free manner of the synagogue, as well as to the demonstrative custom of orientals generally, they indicated their admiration of both speaker and word spoken. . . . But as the sermon proceeded the reaction set in. Jesus was perfectly aware that it was coming. He knew what was in man. He knew He was to be rejected before He set foot in Nazareth; but by love and sympathy for His townsmen constrained Him not to pass them by. Those who a moment before were wondering at the graciousness of His words, were now vociferating about His low birth and humble profession, and resenting His mild claims to the

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Membership. They were saying to Him: "If you are really the Promised One, why don't you work a miracle on Yourself to begin with? Convert Your poverty into wealth. Your weakness into strength, and we will believe You." . . . Then their local pride, their village jealousy, began to assert itself as they cried: "Why did You not favor Your own city with Your miracles instead of Capernaum?" . . . Jesus half apologizes for His fellow townsmen as He says: "I am only meeting the prophet's fate. My townsmen are not doing worse than Israel in general." But it was His next word that proved a veritable fire brand in their hearts. It was the suggestion that an Elijah and Elisha passed over the unworthy descendants of Abraham and conferred their gracious benefits upon gentiles, so He, who was their prototype, must do likewise. "What, the inalienable rights of the elect people go to Gentile dogs?" The synagogue is in an uproar. The pendulum of feeling has swung from the point of admiration to the opposite extreme of vindictive hatred. . . . Service closed in a most uncommon and unseemly manner that day. There was no closing hymn, in which the soprano and the alto came pouring through the lattice from the choir invisible, to blend sweetly with the tenor and basso. There was no blessing or benediction, as was wont, pronounced by priest and invoked by layman. . . . The synagogue had judicial prerogatives. As Ranan says, "Each was a little independent republic, each could pronounce sentence for penal offense." This is exactly what the synagogue of Nazareth did. It excommunicated Jesus on the spot. It cast Him out judicially. It proceeded to put Him to death in a legal manner, casting down from a precipice being a lawful substitute for stoning. . . . Jesus did not elude His enraged neighbors by either striking them with blindness or making Himself invisible to them. Luke expressly says: "He passed through the midst of them." They saw Him as He passed, but were powerless to detain Him. They instinctively opened an aisle through the awed mob to let Him pass. As Pfenniger says, "They stood, stopped, inquired, were ashamed, fled, separated."

## The Teacher's Lantern.

Longfellow, in "Divine Tragedy," finely voices the changing sentiment of that synagogue audience which made the "wicked close" possible:

A PHARISEE.  
Who is this youth? He hath taken the "chief seats" to the elders and to the scribes?  
A PRIEST.  
Have I been priest in the synagogue, And never have I seen so young a man Sit in the Teachers' seat?

A PHARISEE.  
Fifty years Have I been priest in the synagogue, And never have I seen so young a man Sit in the Teachers' seat!  
A PRIEST.  
He speaks the prophet's words, but with an air, to the elders and the priests As if himself had been forewarned in them!  
A PHARISEE.  
These are sedition words!  
A PHARISEE.  
Is not this the Carpenter's son? Is not his mother Called Mary? And his brethren and his sisters Are they not with us? Doth he make himself To be prophet?

A PHARISEE.  
Say no more! Thou comest here into our synagogue, And speakest as the elders and the priests As if the very mantle of Elijah Had fallen upon thee: Art thou not ashamed?

A PHARISEE.  
We want no prophets here! Let him be driven From synagogue and city! Let him go. And prophesy to the Samaritans!  
An ELDER.  
The world is changed! We elders are as nothing! We are but yesterday, that have no part Or portion in to-day—dry leaves that rustle. That make a little sound, and then are dust!  
A PHARISEE.  
A carpenter's apprentice! A mechanic. How have we seen at work here in the town. Day after day! A stripling without learning— Shall he pretend to unfold the Word of God? To men grown old in study of the law? (Christus is a trust out.)

A PHARISEE.  
To the Resolution of Inquiry into the Macrum Matter.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The President's message to-day, conveying a report of the secretary of state in answer to the Macrum resolution of the house of representatives, gave a categorical answer to the questions embodied in the resolution and did not refer to the action of the department in relation to the matter. It has since been given out at the state department that inquiries set on foot immediately after the publication of Macrum's first statement developed the fact that the British government had no knowledge of any interference with the correspondence of the United States consulate at Pretoria, and the additional fact that if any such interference had taken place it was contrary to instructions.

Ohio After Ship Canals.  
COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 21.—The state senate to-day adopted a joint resolution asking Congress to construct two canals in Ohio, extending from Lake Erie to the Ohio river. The route of the first is via the Miami and Erie canal from Toledo to Cincinnati, and the second via the Ohio and Erie canal from Cleveland to Portsmouth.

Entombed Miners Discovered.  
HAZLETON, Pa., Feb. 21.—The bodies of Jacob Longenberger and John Huda, the two miners who were entombed yesterday by the explosion of gas in No. 4 workings of the Cowen mine, near here, were recovered to-day. The bodies were badly burned and were found at the bottom of a great mass of debris.

A close friend of ex-Consul Macrum now says he is young, enthusiastic and an idealist; that his sympathy for the Boer cause and his idealistic views of his duty did not consider, and therefore he asked to be relieved. When he makes his own "Immortal N. N." "lifts the veil," we may have a more lucid explanation of the reasons which impelled his action.

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Schedule in effect November 19, 1899.

Central Standard Time.

**NORTH-BOUND.**

Main Line.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bellaire	5:55	1:00	4:10	
Bridgeport	6:00	1:05	4:15	
Urbicville	5:50	8:10	3:00	6:10
New Philadelphia	5:45	8:05	2:55	6:05
Chas. Devol	5:40	8:00	2:50	6:00
Justus	5:35	7:55	2:45	5:55
Massillon	5:30	7:50	2:40	5:50
Canal Fulton	5:25	7:45	2:35	5:45
Warwick	5:20	7:40	2:30	5:40
Sterling	5:15	7:35	2:25	5:35
Seville	5:10	7:30	2:20	5:30
Seipewas	5:05	7:25	2:15	5:25
Medina	5:00	7:20	2:10	5:20
Lester	4:55	7:15	2:05	5:15
Brooklyn	4:50	7:10	2:00	5:10
Cleveland	4:45	7:05	1:55	5:05

**RAILROAD.**

**Lorain Branch.**

a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	
Lorain	9:45	4:25	1:05	7:05
Ellyria	10:00	4:40	1:20	7:20
Grafton	10:15	4:55	1:35	7:35
Seipewas	10:30	5:10	1:50	7:50
Lester	10:45	5:25	2:05	8:05

**SOUTH-BOUND.**

a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Cleveland	4:40	1:00	7:10
Brooklyn	4:45	1:05	7:15
Lester	4:50	1:10	7:20
Medina	4:55	1:15	7:25
Seipewas	5:00	1:20	7:30
Chippewa Lake	5:05	1:25	7:35
Seipewas	5:10	1:30	7:40
Sterling	5:15	1:35	7:45
Warwick	5:20	1:40	7:50
Canal Fulton	5:25	1:45	7:55
Massillon	5:30	1:50	8:00
Justus	5:35	1:55	8:05
Chas. Devol	5:40	2:00	8:10
New Philadelphia	5:45	2:05	8:15
Urbicville	5:50	2:10	8:20
Bridgeport	5:55	2:15	8:25
Bellaire	6:00	2:20	8:30

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